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VINDICATION OF THE UNION.

S P E E C H

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HON. JOSEPH SEGAR,

OF THE

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF VIRGINIA,

BEFORE THE

UNION MEETING IN PORTSMOUTH, VA.,

ON SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862.

(*From report of Philadelphia Inquirer.*)

WASHINGTON, D. C.
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1862.



S P E E C H .

When I last trod the streets of Portsmouth, our country was at peace, and the people of this whole land were the most blessed on the face of the globe. The storm of commercial revulsion which had swept over the land in 1857, had lulled, and under the influence of bountiful crops and the recuperative energies of our people, the country had reached a point of prosperity it had never known before. The whole land bloomed. The plough was sped, the loom rattled, the anvil rang, and commerce rejoiced. Plenty smiled over thirty-two millions of contented and happy people. But, oh God! how changed the scene! "Wild war's deadly blast is blowing," and has carried desolation to every interest, and every fireside, within our State.

We are not only involved in war, but in civil war—a war which has ruptured all the ties of kindred and blood, and brought in hostile meeting, on the same battle field, father and son, and brother and brother. Our trade is gone; the grass grows green and high in the streets of our cities; the millions of trade we once had with the North, and which gave thrift and comfort, and even subsistence, to so many of our people, has perished; our whole people, from the stripling lad to the hoary head, have gone to the tented field; the price of even the necessities of life are insufferably high; and the working men and the poor men of every class are at starvation's point. Who did all this? Whose mighty sin is it? Our secession friends say it rests upon us, the Union men—that we, who have stood by the stars and stripes, are responsible—that, by a certain sacred principle of State rights, we ought to have followed our State into secession, or whithersoever else she called us—that we are traitors to our State, because we would do it not—and that, by not making common cause against the vile Yankees, (who, in my judgment, had done them no material wrong.) we were playing into the hands of the enemies of the South, and that thus we are responsible for this ruinous war. I am here to deny the charge, and to disprove it. No part of the mountain-load guilt of breaking up our glorious Union is ours. We are *not* traitors. I have been so denounced a thousand and twice a thousand times, but I vow I am no traitor. The treason is theirs, who, by secession, have thrown down the pillars of the American Union; and their treason is a double one—treason to their State and treason to the Supreme Government of the Union.

We have obeyed our State; *they* have not. We have been true both to our State and the Union, for we hold that loyalty to the Union is no disloyalty to our State. That State herself, when she ratified the Federal Constitution, and became a party to the great compact of Union, bound herself by each and every one of its provisions, and commanded all her citizens to adopt this Constitution as a rule of political conduct—not only as a rule, but a supreme rule. She said to me, and she said to you: "Here is this Constitution, made by WASHINGTON, and FRANKLIN, and MADISON; take it for your guide—obey it—stand by it—anything in my Constitution or laws to the contrary notwithstanding; which, being interpreted, meaneth this, and this only—that when the Constitution and laws of the Federal Government come in clash with my Constitution and my laws, mine must give way, and those of the supreme Federal Government prevail." Well, the two did come in conflict, and we Union men, like trained soldiers, obeyed orders.

We took our State at her word. When she brought herself in contact with the Federal Government, we did exactly what she told us to do—recognized the latter as supreme, and herself as subordinate. Is this treason? If so, "make the most of it. Again, our State expressly covenanted with her sister States that this matchless instrument should never be altered, save by the assent of three-fourths of all the States. Not an *i* was to be dotted, nor a *t* to be crossed, but by the concurrent stipulation of three-fourths of the States: and a wise provision was it. It had been framed under circumstances the most auspicious, with a light beaming bright from the failure of the old Confederation. It had emanated from matchless wisdom: from the wisest heads and the purest hearts ever brought to think and to feel for human affairs. No wonder, then, it was provided, in the instrument itself, that it should not be a hasty thing of change, but remain in all its glory and vigor, until its defects should become so manifest as to bring three-fourths of the States to the conviction that it needed amendment. Now, having agreed that three-fourths of the ratifying parties should alone change its provisions, how can Virginia claim, of her own separate will and act, to change it in any regard, much less destroy it altogether? Is not secession a change of the Constitution, and a change in the most vital particular? By what authority, then, can Virginia, herself wanting the power to alter the Constitution in the slightest respect, command her sons to submit to alterations not agreed on by the constitutional majority of three-fourths?

But a State, (say the secessionists,) acting in convention, is put upon her sovereignty, and that this putting of her upon her sovereign powers makes secession legal and right—overrules the supreme law of the Union. Immoral doctrine, fellow-citizens! Does the formality of a convention make lawful that which was unlawful before? Does the mere going into convention relieve a State of her solemn obligations? Does it wipe out the sin of broken pledges and violated faith? Besides, is any State sovereign?

State sovereignty, gentlemen, under our system, is an outspeaking absurdity. The idea is stupidity's self. Virginia could not coin a copper cent, nor a silver dime. She could not declare war, nor raise an army, nor maintain a navy, nor lay an impost duty, nor establish a post road. These, and many other sovereign attributes, she surrendered to the Federal Government for the common good, and with the express understanding that there should be no alteration of the system, no addition to or subtraction from it, except by the concurrent act of three-fourths of her sister States. And yet, this absurd pretension of absolute State sovereignty, this airy myth, has been the false light held up by demagogues and politicians to mislead the honest

and which has led more thousands to the bar of detention than any other *quibbling* of the day! We, then, who have clung to the Federal Union, against our State, have not been disloyal to that State—have committed no treason against her, no rebellion against her government and laws—and so no part of the responsibility of this wicked rebellion is upon us.

And we Union men have the proud consolation that the position we stand on is the position on which every great and distinguished Virginian has stood, save one. Our secession friends can point to only one great man to justify their madness, and that one is LITTLESTON WALLER TAZEWELL, a great mind, truly, but one, like Mr. CALHOUN's, maimed by too many vagaries to deal rightly with the practical affairs of human government. Governor Tazewell, with his truth-distorting powers, was with them. The great and good WASHINGTON was with us. Old BEN FRANKLIN, the sage, philosopher, and statesman, was with us. JAMES MADISON, the father of the Constitution, whose master hand, more than any other, fashioned the great work, was with us. JOHN MARSHALL, America's MANSFIELD and CATO, of Utica, the cloudless light of whose immeasurable mind ever made truth's pathway clear, was with us. PATRICK HENRY, liberty's thunderer in revolutionary times, was with us. SPENCER ROANE, the first Virginia jurist of his day, and a State rights man of the straightest sect, was with us. JOHN TAYLOR, of Carolina, the strictest constrader of all constitutions, was with us. And all the prominent jurists of other States, the KENTS, and STORYS, and WAYNES, and PATRONS, and MCLEANS, and DOUGLASES, and REVERDY JOHNSONS, all, all are on our side. All these and many more of our eminent legal men, "too tedious to mention," have declared it as their opinion that separate State secession is not only illegal and unconstitutional, but reasonable; and THOMAS BITCHIE, the great Democratic exponent of his time, who gave law to the State-rights Democracy, who ever and anon held up State rights to his followers as their guide and Shiloh, even he denounced secession as treason, "treason to all intents and purposes." Now, if you and I, fellow citizens, who refused to pull down and tear up that glorious ensign of power and glory, the stars and stripes, are traitors, so were WASHINGTON, and HENRY, and MADISON, and FRANKLIN, and MARSHALL, and Judge ROANE, and JOHN TAYLOR, and KENT, and STORY, and last, though not least, Mr. BITCHIE. If we are traitors, we are in good company—better company, by a thousand-fold, than that of JEFF. DAVIS, and TOOMES, and the RUEFFS, and COOM, and IVERSON, and BENJAMIN, and SHEDD, and KEITT, and PIGGINS, and the pugnacious secessionists who have dared "rush in where angels fear to tread," and whom folly, or inclination, or madness, or unhallowed ambition, or some other false principle or motive, has impelled to the infamous work of breaking down that ever-precious Government which was wisdom's chiefest contrivance, and freedom's noblest boast—the Constitution of the United States, and the unmatched Union it created. Stand firm, then, my Union friends of Portsmouth. You are in the best of company. You are in the right, and God is with the right. Stand by the stars and stripes, now and forever. Nail the Union colors to the mast, and if the Union ship must sink, let it go down, as the ship Cumberland did, a short time since in Hampton Roads, with the American ensign streaming above the sinking hulk.

The Southerners secessionists have also appealed to us to go with our State into secession, because of the insufferable wrongs the North has done us. We are ground into dust, (they say.) We have not a right left, (they declare,) and they appeal to us all to quit our peaceful vocations and our happy homes to go forth to the battle field, and lay low the wicked Yankees who have dared to trample upon Southern rights. Well,

what's the wrong, where is the aggression? I call upon you, one and all, and particularly any secessionist, if there be one here, to tell me what we are now fighting for. So help me God, I do not know. I want information. I know well enough what the Northern people are fighting for. They heard the great bell Roland toll. They saw the proclamation of President LINCOLN, summoning them to patriots' work, and they rushed down to vindicate the authority of the Supreme Government, and to preserve the best Government on God's green earth; to restore the ancient Union¹; to keep the stars and stripes afloat. I can well conceive how our Northern brethren and our Western brethren have come, legion upon legion, to the camp and the battle ground; but I have never been informed, and I have never been able to perceive, why it is that the *South* has become involved in this deplorable conflict. What aggression has been perpetrated, by this so hated Federal Government, upon the rights of the South? The United States have a statute book, and there is written down in it each and every one of its laws. Now, let any secessionist, or any man else, take up this statute book, and point me to the statute which has hurt the hair of the head of any Southerner man, woman, or child? There is no such statute there. The much-abused and much-hated North has put no such statute there. And not only has the Federal Government done us no practical wrong, but I aver that it has been to the South the kindest Government that ever a people had. If I had been always kind to you, my old friend STORES, (addressing an old friend and neighbor from his county,) and had granted you this favor and that, and this request and that, and done for you all that you asked, would you not regard me as a kind sort of somebody, as a friend? ("I would," responded Mr. STORES.) Well, just so it was with the Federal Government and the South. All that the latter asked—no matter what—it got. In 1793, it asked for a fugitive slave law, to recover their slaves escaping into the free States, and the North said: "Yes, you are entitled to this law, of constitutional right, and you shall have it." And so we got it. But in the course of time this law of 1793 was found ineffectual, and the South said to the North—the Federal Government—"Give us a better fugitive slave law, one more stringent in its provisions, one that will more effectually protect our slave property." And the North said—"You shall have it." And they not only accorded it, but the drafting of the law was left to a Southern Senator, JAMES M. MASON, of Virginia; so that if the fugitive slave law of 1850 was not a good law, it was the fault of a Southern man, Mr. MASON. Again, in 1820, we made a bargain, usually called the Missouri Compromise, and the South was so tickled with it that every Southern Senator voted for it, and nearly every Southern member of the House of Representatives, while the North, though grumbling and surly, in a spirit of compromise and peace, assented. But we of the South, when party politics ran high, got tired of our bargain of 1820, and we said to the Federal Congress—*alias* the North—"Break up this old bargain; though we liked it at first, we don't like it now, in this year, Anno Domini 1850; so make a new bargain with us, in lieu of the old compromise of 1820." And the Federal Government—this unparental Federal Government, as the Southern people term it—again took us at our word, abrogated the old compromise, made a new bargain, abolished the old Missouri Compromise, and gave us the Kansas-Nebraska act, which threw to the winds the once vaunted, but afterwards contemned compromise of 1820. In a word, they gave us all we asked, yielded to every exaction, and if they have ever refused us aught, I know it not. I repeat, then, that this unholy war has been commenced, and to this hour has been carried on, without the slightest necessity. There was no more need for it, so far as

Southern rights were concerned, than there is that one of you should this moment rise up here and stab me to the heart.

And we were unapproachably safe. We had all the security we could ask of God or man. We were far out of harm's way. We had, when Mr. LINCOLN was elected, a majority of twenty-one in one House of Congress—afterwards increased to twenty-five—and of six in the other. What had we to fear? With these controlling majorities, how could a law ever have been passed inimical to Southern rights? Take an illustration: A short time since a bill passed both houses of Congress abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia—a law affecting the interests, more or less, of every slaveholder in the South. Could this bill have become a law if the seceded States had kept in the Union, and maintained this majority of twenty-five in one House and six in the other? Besides, we had the Supreme Court upon our side. Its rulings had all the time leaned to the rights of the slaveholder. Then we were, at the time secession threw its dark shadow upon us, impregnably secure. We were behind the ramparts of a fortification which could neither be shelled nor battered down. All the abolition artillery of the earth would have been as impotent upon its impenetrable walls as were the rebel balls of the Merrimac upon the dentless turret of the Monitor. But we of the South did what? Why, we opened wide the doors of the fortification, and let the enemy in to take quiet possession. Whom can we blame but ourselves? Whom but the seceding States? And if by opening the gateways of their otherwise impregnable fortress, they are made the sufferers, on whose shoulders rests the harm—on ours, the Union men, or on theirs, the seceders?

But the institution of slavery (argued the disunionists) is unsafe in the Union, and all good and true Southern men must rally to Secession to make it safer. Though the Constitution does for slave property what it does not for any other species of property whatsoever—throws around it the *egis* of a special protection—and though the Federal legislature had recognized the obligation to grant it protection, as in the payment for the slaves of the Creole and those taken by the British in the war of 1812, we were invited to secession to put up more props to sustain the institution. True, we had under our beneficent Union a pillar here and a pillar there, and yet there and there again, to uphold the fabric. But we want more pillars yet, (said the secessionists,) to hold up and make stronger this great basis of Southern institutions. Well, how has it turned out? Slavery has been struck a blow from which it may never recover. If peace be made forthwith, the Southern monopoly of the cotton production *may* be maintained, and some of the rank antagonisms of slavery now striking at its vitals, or sharpening their fangs for a more deadly assault, *may* be propitiated, and the institution rescued from destruction. But delay in pacific arrangement will be absolutely fatal to slavery. On this point I shall not enlarge; but let us enter into a practical consideration and estimate with our secession antagonists. How is it with the *value* of slave property, and the *security* of it, under secession and the Union, comparatively? I will illustrate by an argument I used in the county of Northampton, when, in a late canvass, I was seeking a seat in Congress. I appealed to the people present to tell me what a likely young negro man would then bring for cash. I was answered, "Not more than two hundred and fifty dollars." What would such a negro slave have brought *before* the passage of the Virginia secession ordinance? "From seventeen hundred and fifty dollars to two thousand dollars," was the reply. Then, said I, here is the arithmetical result: in the happy hours of the Union you could get seventeen hundred and fifty dollars for your

slave, and now, in secession's hour, you can get only two hundred and fifty—just one seventh of what you could have obtained in those blessed hours when the stars and stripes waved over an undismembered land! A loss, (said I,) of just fifteen hundred dollars on each likely slave! Now give me, I continued, the number of likely slaves in your county, and I will tell you, in figures, what the people of Northampton have lost, by secession, in this single item of slaves. Multiply that number by 1500, and you have it. Figure it up when you will, you will find that while you were striving, by secession, to have your slave property maintained at its old value, you have already lost several millions of dollars in slave property alone! And as to the matter of safety, how is it? In the blessed days of the Union you rarely lost a slave, because, if your slave escaped, he was delivered back to you under the fugitive slave law. But how is it now, in secession's reign? Let, (said I,) the eighteen slaves captured just on the Maryland line, and brought back to their owners here, this morning, let the bills before Congress to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and to emancipate nearly all the slaves in the South, answer my question, whether slavery was safer under the blessed auspices of the Union, or under the ruinous ascendancy of secession.

And I propound the inquiry to you, men of Portsmouth, here, to-day, when was *your* slave property the more valuable, and the safer—in Union's hour or secession's hour? There is not one of you that does not know and feel that *your* hour of safety was the hour of the Union. The loss of a slave was a rarity, and what you did lose was but a drop in the ocean—not the twentieth part, in proportion, of the annual loss of the Virginia drovers in driving beesves to market. See, then, the delusion of our fellow-citizens of the South in rushing into secession to save their slave property. Oh, fatal mistake!

And here I submit one more arithmetical view. Virginia, by the late census, lost, in 1860, 117 slaves, as fugitives. Put down the average value at \$1,000 each (which is most liberal,) and all the loss we have by fugitive slaves, in one year, is \$117,000. Losing, in this way, only \$117,000 per year, we sought to make the annual loss less, and have we not “put our foot into it?”

Let us have the figures. Annual loss, under the Union, \$117,000. *Per contra.* Oh, what shall it be? what, really, is it? I shudder to strike the balance. Virginia's share of the confederate debt cannot be less, at this moment, than fifty millions. I believe it to be far more. Her expenditure on her own State account cannot be short of twenty millions—total, seventy millions: a sum which would pay for her loss by fugitive slaves for near six hundred years to come! Or, in the light of annual interest, at 7 per cent, a tax of \$4,900,000 per annum on the people, to avoid an annual loss of \$117,000. If the war lasts two years, it will be a tax upon the people of \$9,800,000 per year, to save \$117,000 per year. And so on, if the war should last five years, the people of Virginia, to save \$117,000 per annum, will find themselves borne down by a public debt which would not leave a morsel of bread to their starving families, and which no people on earth could endure. Add the next items, the numerous millions we shall have lost by the prostration of our once great system of internal improvements, and our incalculable loss in production and trade, and the balance against us is terrific. And when we come to take into the estimate the agonized bosoms which have been wrung by this deplorable conflict—the widowed wives it shall have made—the sonless fathers and mothers—the brotherless sisters—the orphaned children—the ruptured ties in all the sweet relations of life—the

desolation, physical and social—the personal embitterment and undying hates—the want and suffering—the streaming blood and gaping wounds, and the grief and wailing, which have come of this accursed rebellion: I say when we come to bring all these items into the dark account, how insignificant becomes that little amount of \$117,000, compared with that terrible aggregate of taxation, ruin, and woe, which bears down the other side of the account? Billions, not millions, will denote the fearful balance. Had we not far better have lost five hundred, or even one thousand slaves a year, than to have brought these woes unnumbered, these appalling ills, upon the people of our State!

And suppose—what is not impossible, I fear not improbable—that in the effort, by secession, to make slavery stronger, the institution perish altogether by the antagonisms it has aroused—by a law of general emancipation, for example: why, we lose altogether the very property we designed to have better protected; we shall have lost forever four hundred millions' worth of slave property; and we shall have among us and around us half a million of slaves, who will either cut our throats, or have their own throats cut by us, to save ourselves, our wives, and our children!

Such, my friends, is the result of the efforts of those who would allure you to secession, to make slavery safer. Here is the feast to which you have been invited. Oh! how strange the infatuation! Thank heaven, you and I have had no part nor lot in the matter. And I tell our deluded countrymen of the South that they can rescue the institution of slavery in but one way. They must come once more under those stars and stripes which protect all they float above. They must fall down and worship once again at the altars of the Union, and vowing repentance there, bring themselves back within that blessed Union which has proved heretofore adequate, and which hereafter, when restoration comes, will continue to be adequate, to protect them and all their institutions, of whatever kind. Let them put up the fallen columns of the Union they have pulled down, and they will have put up the pillars that sustain the institution of slavery, not before. In truth, the South has always had a far more peculiar interest than the North in the maintenance of the Union, because, by it, a very peculiar institution is peculiarly cared for and protected; and so it is the highest interest of the seceded States to hasten back, with double-quick speed, to that asylum of their peculiar institution—the Union of old.

But I hear it said that, though up to the time of Mr. LINCOLN's election the Federal Government had done us no wrong, it has since shown a purpose to convert the war from a war for the Union into a war for emancipation. But whose fault is it, if it be so? Who put it in the power of Congress to change the war for the Union to one for the abolition of slavery? The Southern people themselves—the seceding States. Had they stayed in, could we have ever had an Abolition Congress? And are we to make no allowance for the present exasperation of the North? For one, I do not wonder at it. The North had done us no wrong but to talk abolition, which hurts nobody, and which ought to scare nobody; and to take the man of their choice for President, which, surely, in a democratic government, is no very great offense. It had been kind and forbearing to us; had even agreed so to amend the Constitution as to put slavery in the States forever beyond the reach of Federal legislation; and when without cause, we have involved them in a consuming debt, to last for ages to come, and prostrated their flourishing industry, and poisoned the fountains of their social happiness, we ought to expect embitterment and resentment in return. I don't advise revenge. I would rather conjure them to be generous yet; to forgive and to

forget; to remember that hundreds of thousands of the plain masses in the South have been deceived or coerced into the rebellion, and are in heart guiltless of treason; to forbear all extreme measures; above all things to let slavery alone; to keep the pledges they have so often made to maintain honestly the original aims and character of the war—the preservation of the Government, the enforcement of the laws, and the restoration of the Union. If this be done, (and I entreat them to do it,) reconstruction may yet take place; a potent Union sentiment may yet arise in the South; and the star-gemmed banner of the Union wave once more over an undivided and happy country. Yet, come whatever results may, we, the Union men, are not responsible; the secessionists are; and they must take the consequences of their folly. And if not a Southern slave be left, *they* will deserve no sympathy. On the contrary, their guilt of heinous treason will be aggravated, many fold, by the heartless inhumanity of dragging along the guilty and the innocent to a common destruction. Why—will you tell me, fellow-citizens of Portsmouth—why did not the seceded States accept the Northern proposition to put slavery in the States forever beyond the jurisdiction of Federal power? Alas! was there not a malicious, foregone purpose to break up the Union?

And now to a few practical views in conclusion: You are in this war (this twenty years' war promised you by JEFF. DAVIS,) and you know and feel what it is; do you not? Are you as happy as you were under the Union of your fathers? Have you as much bread and meat for your wives and children as you used to have? Have you employment, as you had under the Union? Does the hard-fisted mechanic, whose chief property is the sinewy arms his God has given him, go to his workshop daily, as he was wont to do? Are your wives and daughters clad with the handsome calicoes and plain silks that once decked and made comfortable their persons? Did you pay, under the Union, one dollar per pound for coffee, and forty cents for sugar, and seven dollars per pound for tea, and seventy-five cents per yard for ninepence calico, as you now do in these hard times of secession? (A voice in the crowd—“We don't have coffee, we use parched corn.”) Oh, yes; then, in the blessed hours of the Union, you had coffee at 12 cents per pound, and now, in secession's reign, you have parched corn in the place of that luxury alike of rich people and poor people—coffee. I pity you from my heart, for I love the beverage, but would not like to quaff it at the secession price of a dollar a pound. But to proceed: are your wives as happy, or your children? Do not your wives tremble and your children start when gathered at night around the once happy hearth and fireside? Are you not, many of you, awaiting every hour painful tidings from the battle-field of fratricidal war? Are you not hourly expecting to see some husband, or father, or brother, or nephew, borne a crippled or a dead body from the gory field? This is your experience, as it is of us all, of this deplorable war. Then what are you to do? (A voice—“Hang the secessionists.”) Well, I have no objection to that, so far as the leaders are concerned. JEFFERSON DAVIS, and ROBERT TOOMBS, and BARNWELL RHETT, and WM. L. YANCEY, and HOWELL COBB, and MASON, and SLIDELL, and BENJAMIN—I am not sure I might not put in JAMES BUCHANAN—and the guilty traitors who fomented and nursed this abominable rebellion, and essayed, for selfish considerations and without any earthly cause, to tumble into fragments the noblest fabric of government ever reared by man, and who have deceived and misled to their ruin the common people, who have no time to think of political affairs, and a large portion of whom cannot even read or write—such men, I say, who know better, ought to be hanged—not the deceived and innocent masses; and this war will be without its moral unless example be made of these wicked fore-

men in a nation's ruin. The Federal Government must, before this great fray ends, demonstrate to all the world not only its ability to put down treason and rebellion but the will and the determination to punish traitors and rebels; for without these admonitory lessons, treason and rebellion may rise up at any hour to disturb the national peace, and to shake the foundations of society. And I thank God that the Constitution has defined treason, and the law provided the death penalty for the crime. I would not only be willing to see these wicked leaders hanged by the neck until they are dead, dead, dead, but would stretch the Constitution to the utmost legal tension to find the power to confiscate every dollar's worth of their earthly possessions:

"Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace."

I repeat, what are you to do? You must put an end to the war. If you stand in the mire, will you not sink deeper and deeper into it the longer you stand? Just so it is with this war. The longer you stay in it, the deeper will you sink into the mire of its troubles, and miseries, and desolations; so get out of it, and as soon as you can; the sooner you get out of it, the sooner you will have good coffee in the place of parched corn; the sooner you will get rid of the war prices of \$7 per pound for tea, and 40 cents per pound for sugar, and 75 cents per yard for ninepence calico; the sooner will you get employment, and with employment money, and with money an abundance of meat and bread, aye, and whisky, too, if any want it, instead of the stinted allowance this war has put you upon; and the sooner will separated fathers, and mothers, and sons, and husbands, and wives, and brothers, and sisters, meet in happy gathering around the hearthstone of home. And one reason ought to be conclusive with you, and secessionists too—the South cannot win in this contest. It can never establish its independence. The odds are too strong against it. We of the South have seven millions of white men to twenty millions against us. In the nature of things, we cannot overcome this vast superiority in the great material of war—men. We started in the war, I know, with the absurd notion that one Southern man was equal, in battle, to five Northern men, but I presume that delusion is now well cleared up. We hugged that other delusion that Northern men would not fight, and I presume this hallucination has also passed away. The "cursed Yankees," to use Dixie's parlance, will not fight duels, and in that they show their good sense. But put them to fighting for a principle—for the stars and stripes, for example—and they will fight as hard as any people on earth. And look, too, at the spirit now exhibiting on the second call upon the North for troops. Legion after legion is rushing down to the battle place, resolved, at all hazards, to maintain the Government, and fling again to the breeze the glorious stars and stripes, all over the land.

The spirit of twenty millions of such men is not to be resisted. Besides, the South wants all the elements of successful warfare. It wants even powder. It wants heavy artillery, the great instrumentality of modern warfare—that instrumentality which NAPOLEON said, God Almighty was always on the side of. It wants the great essentials of commerce and manufactures. It wants the woolen clothing to keep the soldier's limbs warm, and the shoes to protect his feet from the lacerating tread. Wanting both commerce and manufactures, it has no hoarded millions of excess cash to draw upon for the necessities of war. About ten millions of loan was all it could rake and scrape from the chests of its capitalists. The result is, that while the Federal Government has unlimited credit, the Confederate States have none. They

have even to legislate their worthless paper issues into currency. Men take it by compulsion only. Patriotism will not take it at par. I know the fact that a lady of Norfolk sent a twenty-dollar gold piece to Richmond, and got for it thirty-three dollars in Confederate notes, a discount on the latter of sixty-five per cent. Now, when the Confederate currency shall have settled down to this rate of depreciation, how worthless will it be for carrying on a great war? The South has no navy, and can get none; the Federal Government, in six months, can build and equip any number of ships it needs. And above all, it wants bread and meat, and will want them more and more as the war progresses: for with the whole Mississippi river and valley, and most of the railroads, in Federal possession, it is cut off from the supplies required for carrying on the war. Unless, therefore, an army can subsist without bread, success can never perch on the Confederate banner. The hope, too, of foreign intervention, is blasted. The opening of the ports of New Orleans and other Southern cities, opens to France and England supplies of cotton, and so these nations have lost all inducement to interfere in our quarrels. And we have another greater strength. We have a just cause to fight for. We are fighting to save the best Government known to men. We are fighting for WASHINGTON's Union, and we are fighting for principles which WASHINGTON, in his parting counsels, gave us in charge. We are repelling aggression. We are defending ourselves from war, actually and wickedly waged upon us—not a war of our making. It is loyalty struggling with treason. In such a cause, the God of nations and of battles will help us as He did our fathers. He will give us the victory. So help me Heaven, fellow citizens, one reason why I could not and would not participate in this unnecessary and heartless rebellion, is, that I have believed in my soul that the God of justice and right could prosper no such cause as that which the seceding States are engaged in. Besides, there is an old saying that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof," and let the secessionists take warning from the adage. They have been defeated in every important engagement, save one, though the masses of the Southern people are still kept in the dark, and made to believe that the South has won all the battles. Why, some of the secessionists hereabouts have faced me down to the last that we, the Federals, the stars-and-stripes men, have been whipped in every fight. They were quizzing me, I suppose, not remembering that I sometimes read the papers. Or it may be a part of a system of deception resorted to to keep up the drooping spirits of the Confederates, and holding them to the fighting mood by the tempting assurance that, as they have been victorious in every trial of strength, ultimate triumph for their cause is sure. Most cruel deception! Heartless pretext—is it not?—that allures the innocent and unsuspecting to the butchery of the battle field!

I repeat, the South has lost every important engagement. The Federal arms have re-taken nearly every lost fort. We have New Orleans, and, with it, the whole valley of the Mississippi. We can augment the Union army to two millions of men, if need be, and I solemnly believe that if the North were left out of the fight altogether, the western men alone could put down the rebellion. I repeat, the South cannot win. If it persist, extermination is the only victory it can conquer. In naked truth, you had as well call on me to thrash this large crowd of stalwart men, or upon the puny youngster to take down the brawny giant, as to expect the Confederate States of America to wrestle with the giant power of the United States. I say, then, get out of this horrible war as best you can, and you can best do that by striving for and returning to that blessed Union under whose elevating auspices our country

has grown in a brief space to be among the mightiest of the nations of the earth, and under which you, and I, and all the people of the United States have been the happiest that ever God's sun sent down his rays upon. Speak out for the Union. Be not afraid. Fear not, as some do, that the Confederate troops will again possess Norfolk. No danger of that; none whatever. The Confederate flag can never be flung out again over Norfolk and Portsmouth. No! I would as soon expect the Monitor or Galena to be used up by a half-ton fishing smack as that Norfolk should be re-taken by the Confederate arms. Federal possession once obtained, there is no power in the South to oust it. You are once more, thank God, under the protecting folds of the Star-Spangled Banner, and if your hearts yearn towards the Union of your fathers, speak out your sentiments like men and like freemen. Don't hide your light under a bushel. Let it shine out, and it may lead others into the path of right and duty. Your example may encourage the weak and confirm the wavering. If you don't plant a nucleus here and a nucleus there, as our fathers did in the Revolution, you may never reach peace and the old Union.

Do not allow yourselves, I beseech you, to be misled by the fallacy, honest, no doubt, with a few, that the people of Virginia should do nothing, make no move, until a new convention of the people shall have sent her back to the Union. No mistake could be more fatal. It is but a knocking under to secession. It is an acknowledgment of the doctrine of secession in its worst form. It keeps it in life, and decks it off with the garniture of legality and right. It postpones indefinitely all Union demonstration and action. I say, let not this fallacy keep you back. The government of our State must be, necessarily, for some time, chiefly a military one. In the meantime, let the voice of the Union men be heard loud and strong: and when, by the general speaking out of the Union men, it shall be found that they are strong to save, there will be no difficulty in making the arrangements for restoring the State to her position in the Union. Let your present efforts look to the expression and development of the Union sentiment; details will follow.

And be not deceived by the gulling pretence raised by the Confederate leaders and presses, that the Federal Government has made war upon your State. It is not true and none know it better than JEFFERSON DAVIS, and ROBERT TOOMES, and HOWELL COBB. Mr. LINCOLN issued his proclamation on the 15th of April, calling out the militia, but for what? To make war upon Virginia? No; but to "see that the laws were faithfully executed," and to save the Government he was sworn to maintain. He did so under express authority of law—of law as old as the Government. He did just what WASHINGTON did at the time of the Whisky Insurrection—called out the military to put down rebellion. He did just what ANDREW JACKSON did when South Carolina put herself in opposition to the supreme law of the Union, or what he would have done if this mischief-making State had not dropped her defiance and mended her behavior. He had no alternative left him. Several States had seceded, in other words, had put the laws of the United States under foot; the forts, and guns, and munitions of war, and money, and other property of the United States, had been seized by the Confederate States; the raising of an army had been provided for by the Confederate Congress more than a month before the issue of the proclamation; Fort Sumter had been bombarded—an act of actual war—three days before the date of the proclamation; and, elated by the grand exploit of capturing a weak fort, garrisoned by only seventy men, the Confederate leaders had threatened the capital. Was the calling out of the militia, under such circumstances, an act of war upon Virginia?

No; Virginia herself made war upon the United States. That is God's truth. She was the aggressor. On the 30th of March, 1861, sixteen days before the proclamation appeared, she took by force the guns of the United States at Bellona Arsenal, an act of undisguised war; for if the taking by one government of the property of another be not an act of war, in God's name, what is? On the 17th of April, Gov. LETCHER ordered the channel of the Elizabeth river—a river of the United States, not of Virginia—to be obstructed. The United States post offices, and custom houses, and navy yard, were taken, and troops ordered out by the Executive of Virginia to resist the Federal authority, *before* a Federal soldier had trod the soil of Virginia. And on the 24th of April—a month before the advance of a Federal army into Virginia—the State had become a member of the Southern Confederacy, by which act she became a party to the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and all the other acts of war of the Confederate States. Who, then, began the war? Virginia surely began it upon the United States. The United States is but defending itself from *her* war, and the war of her rebel associates, and the President would have been himself a traitor if he had not called out the military.

And so, be not thrown off your balance by the artful appeal ever and anon addressed to your State pride, that the "sacred soil" of Virginia has been polluted by Federal invasion. Under the laws and Constitution of the United States, the President, as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy, has the power to march the Federal troops over every foot of the territory of each and every one of the States. It is an inevitable deduction from the war-making power, which is vested in the Congress, and not in the separate States. The Federal Government would not be worth tenpence, would be no government at all, were it otherwise. The idea that the Federal Executive is bound to see the laws executed all-over the Union, and yet not possess the power to march the Federal troops all-over the Union to execute them, is an absurdity which could originate only in the inventive brain of secession.

And, lastly, be not "frightened out of your propriety" by the bug-bear conception of Confederate treason, that the object of this war is the subjugation of the South, or the emancipation of the slaves. The war did not so begin; let us hope that it will end as it began—in an honest endeavor to execute the laws and restore the Union. You have the solemn declaration of President Lincoln, and of the dominant party in Congress, that this shall *not* be a war of subjugation or emancipation. Let us hold them to this pledge; and I have great confidence that Mr. LINCOLN will do what he promises. And the sooner we end the war, the more will they be enabled to redeem the pledge. The sooner we end the war, the sooner shall we escape the yawning gulf of "military necessity," and we shall the soonest end the war by the fearless and out-spoken expression of the Union sentiment, which, being thus expressed, will let the Confederate leaders know that there is a division in the South, and that the people—the masses—the bone and sinew—are entitled to a say in the matter of terminating the war, and are resolved to assert their power. I tell you, people of Portsmouth, in conclusion, that the disunion leaders will not yield until the masses rise up and force them, and that, if you desire to come back to the Union as it was, and to maintain the Constitution as your fathers made it, you must speak out your Union sentiments at once, and at the top of your voice. You have not an hour to lose!



